THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 5, 1800.

OBSERVATIONS *on* SHYNESS.

MR. LOVEDAY uſed to ſtyle ſhyneſs the Engliſh madneſs. If indulged it may be the cauſe of madneſs, by driving men to ſhun company, and live in ſolitude, which few heads are ſtrong enough to bear—none, if it be joined with idleneſs. Or it may be the effect of madneſs, which is miſanthropic and malignant. Some ſay pride is always at the bottom. You do not like company; you are uneaſy in it; why? You are conſcious of ſome infirmity which diſqualifies you from ſhining, and making that figure you wiſh to do. Others excel you in breeding, converſation, and the arts of pleaſing. You feel ſelf-abaſement and vexation at being thus abaſhed and kept under; you fly from the ſcene of torment, hating your tormentors, and abuſing them either to yourſelf, or in ſociety of an inferior ſort, among thoſe who will join you, having, perhaps, ſuffered the ſame, or worſe; and ſo you relieve and comfort one another.—All this is too true. An Engliſhman is upon the reſerve, according to Mrs. Piozzi, by way of ſecurity, leſt he ſhould ſay ſomething open to the cenſure and ridicule of others, and ſo his character ſhould ſuffer. This is upon the ſame principle: and ſo, if he cannot ſay ſomething fine and witty, and worthy of himſelf, he ſits ſullen, and ſays nothing. Thus a whole company, among Engliſhmen, is often ſilent for a conſiderable time together, till they wiſh themſelves and one another further!

The compoſure of an Engliſhman is eaſily diſturbed by ſuch circumſtances. If you attempt to be familiar with theſe ſhy creatures, they ſuſpect you wiſh to degrade them, and leſſen their conſequence. The moſt effectual way of getting rid of this childiſh baſhfulneſs is to mix in well-bred companies, where elegant eaſe is to be met with, and an equal diſtance is obſerved between the ſtiffneſs of aukward pride and the groſs familiarity of the vulgar. This is the happy medium; and it is in ſuch poliſhed ſocieties that the pleaſures of converſation are to be found in their greateſt perfection; it is in theſe that we meet with

"The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul."

THE SYLPH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 327.)

MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT, AND AN EXPLANATION.

WE will now return to the intereſting Sophia, whom we left in great perplexity at the ſilence and evaſions of her lover, whenever pecuniary affairs became the topic of converſation, or the ſubject of epiſtolary correſpondence: In the midſt of this embarraſſment of mind ſhe received an epiſtle from Edwin, informing her that he hoped to be in Mellford almoſt as ſoon as ſhe could peruſe his letter, but without giving her any other information. He accordingly arrived, and was juſt as abſtracted and uncandid as before; his ſtrange conduct was even tireſome as well as perplexing. "How extraordinary it is," ſaid Sophia and Lucy, in their confidential converſations, "that Edwin never tells us any particulars relating to the public amuſements or elegant parties in the celebrated city he reſides in; his letters too are always ſilent on that head." All this was very aſtoniſhing, and Sophia became more and more diſcontented with her lover. Edwin ſoon after took a long journey to the houſe of a gentleman, an old acquaintance of his father-in-law's, and an old friend of his own, who ſhortly after followed him back to Mellford, to pay a viſit, it was ſaid, to Mr. and Mrs. Hartford.

Sophia was then informed by her lover, "That this gentleman intended to aſſiſt him in ſettling matters with his mother

mother and her husband, preparatory to his marriage." All things seemed now in a fair way to be explained: however this friend, after a short stay, returned home, and nothing more transpired on the subject, until Edwin some time after took leave of Sophia, in order to return also to his place of residence, then at the last moment, when he rose to depart, he informed my ward, "That he had settled every thing with his mother and father to his satisfaction." It is necessary that it should be to my satisfaction also, thought Sophia, as the door shut after him.

A few mornings after this, Mr. Hartford, in the name of his wife, met the guardians of Miss Merton by appointment, finally to arrange all preliminaries necessary to the destination of the young people; when after some circumlocution, it very fairly came out, that the sole support of Edwin and his intended bride must depend on her fortune, and the small and very precarious profits he derived from his profession; to which was added some hints that, in case of distress, Mrs. Edwin would, of course, remember he was her son. The friends of Sophia looked at each other with astonishment, and the person principally concerned replied with some warmth, "That the personal and mental accomplishments, and even fortune of their ward, entitled her to a far different lot." The party now felt a little aukward, talked of the weather, wished each other good morning, and broke up, Mr. Hartford in great apparent gaiety and ease, and the friends of Sophia in much displeasure at a transaction, which they considered as little less than an affront.

All that had passed in this conference was immediately communicated to Sophia, whose good sense, enlightened by the cares of Auri, pointed out the propriety of her guardians' conduct; her feelings were wounded, but she refused to be made a dupe, and to stand any longer on the verge of ruin. She therefore thanked her friends for their attention to her welfare, adding, that she pitied Edwin's situation, but could by no means approve of his duplicity; that she now considered an union with him as mutual ruin, and that she should directly write to inform him of her sentiments; assuring her friends the whole affair was from this day ultimately at an end.

Her guardians were much pleased with her very proper and prudent conduct, and expressed their satisfaction at so just a return for their attention to her happiness, and so right a sense herself of what would constitute that happiness. Miss Merton wrote directly to Edwin as she had promised, and

after a few ineffectual attempts on his part to continue the engagement, the matter concluded; and he himself some months after confessed to Miss Vernon, whom he happened to meet, that the conduct of Sophia had been marked by propriety throughout the whole affair; that he was in some respect blameable, which he excused by saying, the conduct of his mother and of his father-in-law had deceived him.

PROGRESSIVE CHANGE FROM ADMIRATION TO LOVE.

It happened, by a very singular concatenation of circumstances, that Mr. Dorrel, who now began to be attracted towards Mellford quite as much by the charms of Sophia, as by his friendship for Lucy Vernon, passed in the company of these fair friends a great part of the day in which the conference between Mr. Hartford and the guardians of Sophia took place. Dorrel was with respect to love what a chrysalis is before it becomes a winged insect, and spreads its glories in the face of day; he was a lover in a dormant state, whom a little sunshine would ripen into perfection. He discovered from the conversation of his friend Lucy, that Miss Merton was not totally disengaged, and before he quitted Mellford found that some unpleasant circumstance had occurred relating to that engagement, but could not sufficiently develope the affair, or find that kind of encouragement for his beginning hopes, to justify his forming decided views with respect to the ward of Auri. Mr. Dorrel, therefore, ended his short visit to Mellford with the rising hopes of love just expanding in his bosom, and scarcely knowing himself what his intentions were with regard to Miss Merton, being sensible only that she both deserved and attracted his very particular notice. The state of Mr. Dorrel's mind, although obvious to the watchful Auri, was not so to Sophia, whose ideas, pretty much engrossed by the late events, attributed this particular attention more to the gallantry of admiration than the tenderness of love.

CONSIDERATE GAIETY.

The feelings of my ward were certainly hurt by the manner in which the business relative to Mr. Edwin terminated, and she was undoutedly much chagrined, yet resolved by no means to sit at home and feed her vexation. She accordingly mixed as usual in the circles of amusement, and even with more spirit than before, which neither her friends or her faithful sylph would at such a juncture discourage. Every body

body reprobated the leaſt idea of her becoming the wife of Edwin, and the general attention paid her was evidently rather increaſed.

Sophia Merton had a very ſtrong propenſity towards coquetry, yet, by the guidance of her purple winged guardian, ſhe avoided every imprudence that might bring an imputation of levity on her character. Her prudence was particularly exemplified one evening at a very gay party, and the ſylph ventures to recommend it as an example to his fair pupils, who are, like Sophia, under the age of nineteen; and even to their ſerious conſideration, if they have paſſed that period ſome years: After a very ſpirited dance which ſucceeded a weekly aſſembly, where Sophia had gone without her friend Lucy, it was particularly propoſed by ſome military beaus, that the whole party ſhould partake of a ſupper, to which all the ladies preſent acceded except the ward of Auri, who politely but ſteadily declined ſtaying, obſerving "that the lady, under whoſe care ſhe reſided, always requeſted ſhe would decline remaining out to ſupper; and that ſhe would alſo return home by a certain hour; a ſervant then waited for, her, and ſhe muſt beg leave to go; deſiring ſhe might not diſturb the company, or prevent the other ladies from doing as they pleaſed." Sophia left the party, and inſtead of being leſſened in the eyes of thoſe preſent, had the pleaſure of hearing a few days after, that a very high eulogium on her perſon and manners had paſſed ſoon after ſhe left the room.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Sketch of General George Waſhington.

By J. Morse, D.D.

Miniſter at Charleſtown, near Boſton, and Author of the American Geography.

(Continued from Page 332.)

WE have now arrived at a period in the life of this great man, ſince which the events of it have been more conſpicuous and more generally intereſting: and it is the leſs neceſſary to particularize them in this place, becauſe they have been ſo often detailed, and are familiar to almoſt every perſon. I will only obſerve, that General Waſhington arrived at the camp in Cambridge, and took the ſupreme command

mand of the American army, July 2, 1775. "He was received with that heart-felt exultation, which ſuperior merit alone can inſpire, after having, in his progreſs through the States, been honoured with every mark of affection and eſteem which they conceived were due to the man, to whom the whole continent looked up for ſafety and freedom.

It is hoped poſterity will be taught, in what manner he transformed an undiſciplined body of peaſantry into a regular army of ſoldiers. Commentaries on his campaigns would undoubtedly be highly intereſting and inſtructive to future generations. The conduct of the firſt campaign, in compelling the Britiſh troops to abandon Boſton by a bloodleſs victory, will merit a minute narration. But a volume would ſcarely contain the mortifications he experienced, and the hazards to which he was expoſed in 1776 and 1777, in contending againſt the proweſs of Britain with an inadequate force. His good deſtiny and conſummate prudence, prevented want of ſucceſs from producing want of confidence on the part of the public; for want of ſucceſs is apt to lead to the adoption of pernicious counſels, through the verſatility of the people, or the ambition of demagogues. Shortly after this period ſprang up the only cabal that ever exiſted during his public life, to rob him of his reputation and command. It proved as impotent in effect as it was audacious in deſign. In the three ſucceeding years the germ of diſcipline unfolded; and the reſources of America having been called into co-operation with the land and naval forces of France, produced the glorious concluſion of the campaign in 1781. From this time the gloom began to diſappear from our political horizon, and the affairs of the union proceeded in a meliorating train, until a peace was moſt ably negociated by our ambaſſadors in Europe, in 1783.

No perſon, who had not the advantage of being preſent when General Waſhington received the intelligence of peace, and who did not accompany him to his domeſtic retirement, can deſcribe the relief which that joyful event brought to his labouring mind, or the ſupreme ſatisfaction with which he withdrew to private life. From his triumphant entry into New York, upon the evacuation of that city by the Britiſh army, to his arrival at Mount Vernon, after the reſignation of his commiſſion to Congreſs, feſtive crowds impeded his paſſage through all the populous towns, the devotion of a whole people purſued him with prayers to Heaven for bleſſings on his head, while their gratitude ſought the

moſt expreſſive language of manifeſting itſelf to him as their common father and benefactor. When he became a private citizen, he had the unuſual felicity to find that his native ſtate was among the moſt zealous to do juſtice to his merits: and that ſtronger demonſtrations of affectionate eſteem (if poſſible) were given by the citizens of his neighbourhood, than by any other deſcription of men on the continent. But he conſtantly declined accepting any compenſation for his ſervices, or proviſion for the augmented expences incurred in conſequence of his public employment, although propoſals were made in the moſt delicate manner, particularly by the ſtates of Virginia and Pennſylvania.

The virtuous ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed the private life of General Waſhington, though leſs known than the dazzling ſplendour of his military atchievements, is not leſs edifying in example, or worthy the attention of his countrymen. The conſpicuous character he acted on the theatre of human affairs, the uniform dignity with which he ſuſtained his part amidſt difficulties of the moſt diſcouraging nature, and the glory of having arrived through them at the hour of triumph, made many official and literary perſons, on both ſides of the ocean, ambitious of a correſpondence with him. Theſe correſpondences unavoidably engroſſed a great portion of his time; and the communications contained in them, combined with the numerous periodical publications and newſpapers which he peruſed, rendered him, as it were, the focus of political intelligence for the New World. Nor were his converſations with well informed men leſs conducive to bring him acquainted with the various events which happened in different countries of the globe. Every foreigner of diſtinction, who travelled in America, made it a point to viſit him. Members of Congreſs, and other dignified perſonages, did not paſs his houſe, without calling to pay him their reſpects. As another ſource of information, it may be mentioned, that many literary productions were ſent him annually by their authors in Europe; and that there was ſcarcely one work written in America on any art, ſcience, or ſubject, which did not ſeek his protection, or which was not offered to him as a token of gratitude. Mechanical inventions were frequently ſubmitted to him for his approbation, and natural curioſities preſented for his inveſtigation. But the multiplicity of epiſtolary applications, often on the remains of ſome buſineſs which happened when he was Commander in Chief; ſometimes on ſubjects foreign to his ſituation, frivolous in their nature, and intended merely to

gratify

gratify the vanity of the writers by drawing anſwers from him, was truly diſtreſſing and almoſt incredible. His benignity in anſwering perhaps increaſed the number. Had he not huſbanded every moment to the beſt advantage, it would not have been in his power to have noticed the vaſt variety of ſubjects that claimed his attention.

In this manner he ſpent his time from the peace of 1783, till he was elected a member of the convention who framed, in Philadelphia, in the ſummer of 1787, the preſent conſtitution of the United States. Of this convention of ſages he was choſen Preſident, and with his name he has ſanctioned the conſtitution of their and his country's choice.

When this conſtitution, adopted by the nation, was to be organized and put in operation, by an election of the proper officers, the United States ſtedfaſt in their preference, with one voice ſummoned their beloved Waſhington, unpractiſed as he was in the duties of civil adminiſtration, to the chair of government. He heard their voice with veneration and love; and with that ſelf diffidence and modeſty which ever accompany pre-eminent merit, he obeyed their ſummons. On the 30th of April, 1789, he was inaugurated Preſident of the United States, in the city of New York, amidſt the acclamations of thouſands of ſpectators. "It ſeemed, by the number of witneſſes," ſays one who beheld the interreſting ſcene, "to be a ſolemn appeal to Heaven and earth at once. Upon the ſubject of this great and good man I may, perhaps, be an enthuſiaſt: but I confeſs, I was under an awful and religious perſuaſion, that the Gracious Ruler of the Univerſe was looking down at that moment, with peculiar complacency, on an act which, to a part of his creatures, was ſo very important. Under this impreſſion, when the Chancellor pronounced, in a very feeling manner, "Long live George Waſhington," my ſenſibility was wound up to ſuch a pitch, that I could do no more than wave my hat with the reſt, without the power of joining in the repeated acclamations which rent the air."

In the autumn after his induction into office he viſited the eaſtern ſtates; with how much delight and advantage to the people, and ſatisfaction to his own mind, let the volume of their addreſſes and his anſwers teſtify.

With what dignity, wiſdom, firmneſs, integrity, and high and general approbation, he performed the duties of his moſt arduous, elevated, and reſponſible office, during his eight years adminiſtration, his eulogiſts have eloquently announced, and hiſtorians will record with pride and admiration. "Com-

mencing his adminiſtration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wiſe principles announced by himſelf as the baſis of his political life. He beſt underſtood the indiſſoluble union between virtue and happineſs, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honeſt and magnanimous policy, and the ſolid rewards of public proſperity and individual felicity: watching with an equal and comprehenſive eye over this great aſſemblage of communities and intereſts, he laid the foundations of our national policy, in the unerring and immutable principles of morality, baſed on religion, exemplifying the pre-eminence of free government, by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the reſpect of the world*."

During his adminiſtration as our Supreme Executive Magiſtrate, "His talents and his virtues increaſed with his cares. His ſoul ſeemed not to bear the limits of office a moment after the obligations of duty and patriotiſm withdrew their reſtraints from his univerſal love. When the miſguided ſavages of the wilderneſs, after feeling his chaſtiſement, had ſued for peace, he ſeemed to labour for their happineſs as the common repreſentative of mankind. Inſurrection was ſo ſtruck at his countenance that it fled from the ſhock of his arms. Intrigue attempted to entangle him in her poiſonous web, but he burſt it with gigantic ſtrength, and cruſhed her labours. Anarchy looked out from her cavern, and was daſhed into oblivion, as we truſt, for ever. The nations of Europe ſaw the wiſdom of our laws, the vigour of our meaſures, the juſtice of our policy, the firmneſs of our government, and acquieſced in the neutrality of our ſtation†."

* Major-General Henry Lee's Funeral Oration, p. 12.
† Judge Minot's Eulogy, p. 15.

(To be continued.)

Account of the imminent Danger of Famine to which the Britiſh Army was expoſed previous to the Capture of Seringapatam.

THE following extract of a letter from an officer in India, who was preſent at the capture of Seringapatam, gives ſuch a picture of the imminent peril to which the Britiſh army was expoſed, in caſe of a failure in their im-

portant object, that the mind ſhudders at the contemplation of the conſequences which might have enſued from a little more vigilance and ſkill in the enemy. The anxiety of the gallant General Harris, under ſuch circumſtances, muſt have been infinite; he muſt have been conſcious too, how much (in the eyes of the world,) military merit depends upon ſucceſs—and, with the alternative of a conquered empire or a ruined army, we know not whether moſt to admire the boldneſs of the enterpriſe or the glory of the atchievement.

Perſons lately arrived from India were aſtoniſhed at the little ſenſation this ſplendid action had excited in Europe; in the Eaſt it was celebrated with an enthuſiaſm worthy of its importance.

"If Tippoo had employed his powers with the military ſkill which he was ſuppoſed to poſſeſs, he might, without hazarding an engagement, by deſultory ſkirmiſhes, diſtant cannonades, and other hoſtile movements, have ſo haraſſed our infantry and weakened our cavalry, that a great part of our baggage, ſtores, and ammunition, would probably have fallen into his hands, and the army have been greatly impeded in its march to the place of its deſtination.—Moreover, as the rainy ſeaſon was approaching, there is reaſon to believe that, had the Sultan employed the force he poſſeſſed with equal judgment and activity, the immediate object of the campaign would have been defeated.

"It had, indeed, been for ſome time reported, that Tippoo was become ſubject to fits of mental derangement, and the whole of his conduct ſeems to juſtify that opinion. He had diſmiſſed all his faithful friends, that had ſerved him long and well, from his councils; and had called into his ſervice men of little experience or capacity, who won his favour by flattering his caprices, and practiſing an unreſiſting ſubmiſſion to his will. The former had always diſcouraged their maſter's diſpoſition to connect himſelf with France, as pregnant with the miſchief it has ſince produced; while the latter promoted it for no other reaſon but becauſe it flattered his hopes of gratifying his reſentment againſt the Britiſh power in India.

"The importance of the fall of Seringapatam to the power and commerce of Great Britain is not within the reach of ordinary calculation. From every appearance of its improving ſtate, the cultivation of the country, the number of its inhabitants, and the advancing progreſs of its military eſtabliſhment, that capital would in a ſhort time have been impregnable; and the power of Tippoo Saib would have

have been at leaſt equal to the combined ſtrength of the European ſettlements in India.

"The Engliſh army, on its approach to Seringapatam, ſuffered very little inconvenience from the Sultan having deſtroyed the villages and laid waſte the country in its front; nor from the attempts that had been made to poiſon the water in the tanks; becauſe, contrary to Tippoo's expectation, we had by a deviation to the left, gained a flouriſhing and highly cultivated country, and got poſſeſſion of the large fort of Soocilly, which was full of cattle, grain, and forage. Even to the very vicinity of Seringapatam, General Harris had the choice of his route; ſo that he was enabled to ſit down before it with all his reſources for the ſiege undiminiſhed. The evil moſt to be dreaded was famine. The whole of our draft and carriage bullocks died, and rice had riſen to three rupees the pound, on the day when the city was ſtormed; ſo that if we had not ſucceeded in our attempt, the conſequence would have been fatal to the army; and that we were not repulſed, was owing to the incomparable conduct and intrepidity of the troops, as well as to the judicious means employed to ſupport and protect their extraordinary efforts. It may be proper to remark, that, notwithſtanding the errors committed by the Sultan in defence of the place, nothing leſs than the vaſt combined army in our ſervice could have crowned the enterpriſe with ſucceſs.

"The hour of attack was fortunate, as numbers of the enemy, and even the Sultan himſelf, had gone to take refreſhment. On hearing the alarm, he haſtened back; when finding that the grenadiers had entered the breach, and ſeeing his people falling all around him, he made for a ſally port, where, amidſt a crowd of fugitives, he was overtaken and ſlain. It is not yet known by whoſe hand this tyrant of the Eaſt was laid low; and it is ſuppoſed that the jewels which he always wore about his perſon, and which were now become the ſpoils of the fortunate ſoldier, whoever he might be, are too precious to be haſtily acknowledged. It was ſaid that he conſtantly wore a ruby ring, which was eſteemed by him as the moſt valuable in his treaſury; his turban alſo was always adorned with a jewel of great value; and a pearl roſary was a continual ornament of his perſon. The pearls of which it conſiſted were of uncommon ſize and beauty. They had been the collection of many years, and were the pride of his dreſs. Neither of theſe precious articles have appeared ſince the Sultan's death. His body was found late in the evening beneath a heap of others, brought together in one promiſ-

cuous ſlaughter. He had been ſhot in the temples, and was otherwiſe wounded as it appeared with a bayonet.

" The rooted and barbarous antipathy which this tyrant manifeſted againſt European priſoners of all ranks in a former war, ſeems to have accompanied him to the laſt. Above twenty unhappy ſtragglers from our army had fallen into his hands in the courſe of our march, whom he ordered to be put to death; and among them a little drummer boy of the Scotch brigade. Even his ſmall motley band of French auxiliaries execrate his memory as a moſt cruel tyrant, and repreſent, with bitter imprecations, the ignominy and hardſhips to which he ſubjected them.

" The carnage on this occaſion was much leſs than might have been expected in a large city entered by ſtorm, and filled with people whoſe oppoſition was continued in the ſtreets, and from the houſes. By the efforts of the General and others, the effuſion of human blood was ſoon reſtrained; nor in the courſe of that plunder which the laws of war allow in certain caſes, was any defenceleſs inhabitant killed, nor any woman treated with wanton brutality.

" The plunder of the town was very great, and many of the ſoldiers both native and European, poſſeſſed themſelves of very precious effects, in gold and jewels. Conſiderable fortunes are ſuppoſed to have been made by perſons of higher rank in the way of purchaſe. The houſes of the chief Sirdars, as well as of the merchants and ſhroffs, were completely pillaged; while the women, alarmed for their perſonal ſafety, emptied their coffers, and brought forth whatever jewels they poſſeſſed. Fortunately, however, for the army in general, the palace was ſecured. The quantity of money yet diſcovered, though great in itſelf, is by no means equal to what might have been expected from the known extent of Tippoo's revenues and expenditure. Many lacks of ſpecie it is ſuppoſed are not yet found; and it is equally probable that they never will be recovered."

Account of the Horned Head-Dreſs of the Ladies in the Fifteenth Century.

[From Strutt's View of the Dreſs and Habits of the People of England.]

ABOUT this time a prepoſterous kind of head-dreſs made its appearance among the fair ſex, diſtinguiſhed by

by the appellation of " the horned head-dreſs," which is ſeverely reprobated by John de Muen, in his poem called the Codicil: he ſpeaks to this effect: " If I dare ſay it, without making them," that is the ladies, angry, I ſhould diſpraiſe their hoſing, their veſture, their girding, their head-dreſſes, their hoods thrown back, with their *horns* elevated and brought forward, as if it were to wound us. I know not whether they call them *galiowſes* or *brackets*, that prop up the horns, which they think are ſo handſome; but of this I am certain, that Saint Elizabeth obtained not paradiſe by the wearing of ſuch trumpery."—He then proceeds to deride the exceſſive width of theſe head-dreſſes, and ſpeaks of the quantity of fine linen that was uſed to decorate them, with much diſapprobation.

A Biſhop, who lived at this period, declaiming from the pulpit againſt the faſhionable foibles of the fair ſex, accuſes them of being marvelloufly arrayed in divers and quaint manners, and particularly with *high horns*. The prelate then gravely, with more zeal perchance than learning, attributes the cauſe of the deluge to the pride and diſguiſing of the women, who, he tells us, were thereby led aſtray into the paths of vice: but, reſuming the former ſubject, he compares the ladies of his day to horned ſnails, to harts, and to unicorns; declaring that, by ſuch unnatural adjuſtments, they mocked God; and proceeds to relate a ſtory of a gentlewoman, who came to a feaſt, having her head ſtrangely attired with long pins, that her head-dreſs reſembled a gibbet; " and ſo," adds he, " ſhe was ſcorned by all the company, who ridiculed her taſte, and ſaid, ſhe carried a *gallows* upon her head." All the remonſtrances from the pulpit, the admonitions from the moral writers, and the ſatirical reflections of the poets, were not ſufficiently powerful to conquer the prevalency of this faſhion, or, at leaſt, not very haſtily; for the horned head-dreſs maintained its ground nearly two centuries. Lidgate, the monk of Bury, who lived in the reign of Henry VI. has written a long ballad upon this ſubject; and he therein endeavours to perſuade the ladies to lay aſide their horns, which, he inſiſts upon are no addition to their beauty; for beauty, adds he, will ſhow itſelf, though the horns be caſt away. He uſes alſo another argument, namely, the example of the Virgin Mary, who never ſubmitted to any ſuch diſguiſement.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century this ſpecies of head-dreſs was extended to a prepoſterous ſize. We learn that, when Iſabel of Bavaria, the vain and luxu-

rious

rious conſort of Charles VI. of France, kept her court at Vincennes, it was neceſſary to make all the doors in the palace higher and wider, to admit the head-dreſſes of the Queen and her ladies. Indeed, it is by no means wonderful, that large coiffures ſhould have continued long in faſhion, eſpecially among the women of high rank, when it is conſidered, that they admitted of a proportionable variety of ornaments, and afforded an opportunity for the ladies of diſplaying their taſte to greater advantage than a ſmaller compaſs would admit of.

A foreign author ſpeaks of the horned head-dreſs, as it was worn at Lyons, in the following manner: "It conſiſted of a mixture of woollen cloth and ſilk, with two horns reſembling turrets, and was cut and pinked after the faſhion of a German hood, or criſped like the belly of a calf." But, at the time of his writing, this attire ſeems to have been upon the decline; the more faſhionable one he thus deſcribes: "The ladies ornamented their heads with certain rolls of linen, pointed like ſteeples, generally half, and ſometimes three quarters of an ell in height." Theſe were called by ſome great butterflies, from having two long wings on each ſide reſembling thoſe of that inſect. The high cap was covered with a fine piece of lawn hanging down to the ground, the greater part of which was tucked under the arm. The ladies of a middle rank wore caps of cloth, conſiſting of ſeveral breadths or bands, twiſted round the head, with two wings on the ſide like aſſes' ears; others, again, of a higher condition, wore caps of black velvet, half a yard high, which in theſe days would appear very ſtrange and unſeemly. "It is no eaſy matter," continues the author, "to give a proper deſcription in writing of the different faſhions in the dreſſes of the ladies;" and he refers the readers to the ancient tapeſtry and painted glaſs, in which they may ſee them more perfectly repreſented: to theſe he might have added the illuminated manuſcripts, wherein they are frequently enough to be met with.

CHARACTER *of the* SWISS.

[From Watkins's Travels through Switzerland, &c. &c. in 1787, 1788, and 1789.]

THE Swiſs and their allies are ſuppoſed to amount to more than two millions of ſouls. Their manner of living is

much more ſimple than that of their neighbours, as they are more reſtricted by their reſpective governments; ſumptuary laws being in full force among them, and no amuſement, ſuch as games of hazard, plays, operas, or even dancing, except at appointed times, being permitted. As every citizen is a ſoldier (the clergy excepted), they on Sundays, after divine ſervice, go through the military exerciſe. They are careful of the education of their youth, as is evident from their public ſeminaries or univerſities, the principal of which are at Baſil and Berne.

In giving you a ſketch of the national character, I ſhall confine myſelf to the popular governments, as I think the people there retain the temper and manners of the ancient Swiſs more than the other cantons. Of them I think very favourably, provided I except thoſe of the lower claſs, who have ſeen other countries, or have any communication with travellers; as ſuch are not only in this, but in every other country of the world, deceitful and mercenary. With regard to the general inhabitants of theſe cantons, they ſeem to be frugal without meanneſs, brave without vanity, and hoſpital without oſtentation: to ſtrangers they are courteous and polite, without being either deſigning or troubleſome. They value but little thoſe diſtinctions of birth, rank, and fortune, which, in the other countries of Europe, and indeed in the other cantons of Switzerland, are ſo obſequiouſly cultivated, as they meaſure the dignity of the ſituation by the merit of the individual. Every man here knows the ſituation of his own free government, and as he alſo knows himſelf to be a component part of it, is from intereſt as well as principle a real patriot.

Such is their attachment to their country, that of the Swiſs regiments in foreign ſervice, many of the ſoldiers, after a long abſence, pine and ſicken for their return. Should that liberty be refuſed them (which never is, from experience of the ill conſequence), their death is inevitable, as neither promotion nor emolument can diſſipate the melancholy that preys upon them. Home is the only cure of this ſingular malady, which is called the *Swiſs ſickneſs*, and that infallible. In domeſtic life their private virtues flow from their public character: to their parents they are grateful and obedient; to their families affectionate and attentive; inflexible in friendſhip; mild as ſuperiors, and benevolent as men.

Method

Method to prevent Hares and Rabbits barking young Plantations:

By WILLIAM PATTENSON, *Eſq. of Ibornden, in Kent.*

[From the Eleventh Volume of the Tranſactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.]

HARES, rabbits, and rats, have a natural antipathy to tar; but tar, though fluid, contracts, when expoſed to the ſun and air for a time, a great dryneſs, and a very binding quality; and, if applied to trees in its natural ſtate, will occaſion them to be bark-bound. To remove this difficulty, tar is of ſo ſtrong a ſavour, that a ſmall quantity, mixed with other things in their nature open and looſe, will give the whole mixture ſuch a degree of its own taſte and ſmell as will prevent hares, &c. touching what it is applied to.

Take any quantity of tar, and ſix or ſeven times as much greaſe, ſtirring and mixing them well together; with this compoſition bruſh the ſtems of young trees, as high as hares, &c. can reach; and it will effectually prevent their being barked. I believe, if a plantation of aſh (which they are very fond of) were made into a rabbit-warren, this mixture would certainly preſerve it.

They do great miſchief among flowering ſhrubs, are particularly fond of Spaniſh broom, ſcorpion-ſenna, and ever green cytiſus. I have had thoſe ſhrubs eat down to a ſtump; but as the mixture cannot be conveniently applied to them, I have incloſed their branches with new tar twine, by putting it ſeveral times round the ſhrub, which has had the deſired effect; tar-twine, by being expoſed to the air and rain, will loſe its ſmell; conſequently, muſt be renewed as occaſion requires; but the mixture is always to be preferred, where it can be uſed.

A REFLECTION.

MANY ſhallow people make their fortunes by the mere force of goſſiping. With ſome it paſſes for knowledge of the world; whereas it is only practiſing an art which, though inſupportably tedious and inſipid to men of a different turn, inſtead of coſting them any trouble, is their native element; for they were born goſſips.

SPANISH DIGNITY.

A SPANISH cavalier was whipped through the principal ſtreets of Paris, and, keeping a ſober pace, was adviſed, by ſome who pitied him, to go faſter; but he, half angry, replied, that he would not alter one ſtep of his pace for all the whipping in Paris.

AN ANECDOTE.

MISS SEWARD, once in a ſportive humour, very gravely requeſted Dr. Johnſon to explain a difficulty which puzzled her. "Propoſe your difficulty, Madam," ſaid the Doctor. "What relation, Sir, is that child to its own father, who is not its own father's own ſon?" "What relation," muttered the Doctor, as he paraded up and down the room, "is that child to its own father, who is not its own father's own ſon? Madam, it is a fooliſh queſtion." "It ſeems, however, Doctor, a queſtion which you cannot anſwer: Do you give it up?" "No, Madam, I'll not give up any thing. What relation", &c. again muttered he. "Madam, it is a woman's queſtion." "True, Doctor, and, for once, a woman will teach you; it is, Dr. Johnſon, his daughter."

Anſwer, by James Chivers, Schoolmaſter, at St. Auſtell, to Cleon's Queſtion, inſerted December 2.

PUT a = the nat. ſine of 60° (for each angle of an equilateral triangle contains ſo many degrees), and x = the ſide ſought; then $ax^2 \div 2$ = the area, and $3x$ = the ſum of the three ſides; therefore, as $1 : 10 :: ax^2 \div 2 : 10a\ x^2 \div 2$, and by the queſtion $10a\ x^2 \div 2 = 240x$, which is a ſimple equation, as required: hence $x = 55.43+$ the ſide of the △, and the paving comes to 55l. 8s. 4d.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from E. Robins, of Creed; and J. Smith, and A. Corſe, of the Royal Artillery.

Anſwer, by G. England, of Uplyme, to the Rebus, inſerted the 3d of February.

GRAY is, I think, the perſon's name,
His lines are worthy praiſe;

Inrol it on the page of fame;
His reputation raiſe.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; W. Hobbs, T. Whicker, W. Harris, Jun. and R. Thomas, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

TO Goadby's bards I now attempt to write
Charadian lines, in which I take delight.
To thee, my firſt, from whom all graces flow:
May Britons' conſorts a like pattern draw!

Would Pope's bright genius my weak muſe inſpire,
I'd praiſe my next with a poetic fire;
Britons with extacy her name adore
'Till days, and months, and years, ſhall be no more.

My whole did late a mournful ſcene convey,
What dreadful horrors uſher'd in the day!
Each human effort prov'd in vain to ſave
Brave Britiſh heroes from a watry grave.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

'SCAP'D from winter's icy chains,
View the verdant hill and plain;
Lovely nature 'gain renews
Her gaudy dreſs and pleaſing hues.
See! the ſylvan ſcene around,
With delightful umbrage crown'd,
Hark! my firſt, in lively ſtrain,
Hails returning ſpring again.
Here behold my ſecond riſe
In verdant colours to the ſkies,
While the ſky-lark pours his lay
To th' enlivening orb of day.
While the thruſh and linnet's ſtrains
Echo thro' the verdant plains,
Chearful as the ſeaſon's gay,
Sprightly hop from ſpray to ſpray.
Careleſs of my whole they are,
For oft to them it proves a ſnare.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *on the* VALUE *of* WEALTH BENEVOLENTLY APPLIED.

WHAT power or charms has gold? Is it a coin
That's current thro' the world, or only where
The tyrant avarice, hell-born! rears his throne?
(And where's the ſpot that can exemption boaſt?)
Alas! it muſt be own'd its power is great;
It charms too much; it tempts the ſacrifice
Of honour, health, integrity, and truth;
Sometimes our own, ſometimes a brother's life.

Whence art thou then? The gen'rous gift of Heaven,
Or did th' infernal ſpirit ſell to thee
Thy fell authority? It is not ſo:
Thou art the gift of God; and if of him,
Not then to be contemn'd but rather ſought.
He ſent thee from the ſky, to eaſe the wants,
And cheer the hearts of his poor, needy ſons—
But not to be ador'd—not to be made
The ultimatum of the mind's purſuit:
He thee ordain'd a friend of human kind:
(For all his works beſpeak a wiſe intent,)
Aſſign'd thee to obtain the luſcious joys,
And pious ſatisfactions, fruits divine!
Of the free practice of beneficence.
But man, his ſteward, forfeited his truſt;
Rais'd thee an altar on the ſacred ſpoils
Of peace, compaſſion, and benevolence;
Advanc'd thee to a god, and call'd thee Mammon.
For thee, what thouſands ſtrive, and pant, and toil!
The merchant who, to diſtant ſhores repairs,
Where burning zones begirt the ſandy plains,
And ſcorching elements his blooms conſume:
The naked African, ſweating his blood
Beneath the laſh of cruel maſter's hand,
His coal-black ſides ſtain'd with the living flood:
And moles who delve the boſom dank of earth,
Far from the holy light of day remov'd;
Inſtead of whoſe clear orb, a trembling torch
Sheds melancholy luſtre round their cave:
All theſe alike purſue thee; differing but
In one material circumſtance; the ſlaves
Toil, ſweat, and pant for others; while the man
Of traffic labours only for himſelf.

Hail

Hail powerful ſource of evil and of good!
If rightly us'd thou art a precious boon;
A gem of induſtry well worth the pains;
A cordial to reſtore the fainting powers
Of mortals, under penury's cold touch
Sinking, and ſighing for a colder bed.

When murd'rous war, with Heaven-defying yell,
Bedews the graſſy plains with kindred blood,
And dark-ey'd famine ſtalks the city thro;
When actual ſcenes like theſe appal the heart,
And force the marble eye of apathy
To melt in tears; yea, when the dreadful ſigns
Of theſe dire times make e'en the chearful face
Of virtue and religion to grow pale:
Then, Oh rich man! be wiſe, benevolent,
And with o'erflowing heart and liberal hand
Impart a portion of thy dazzling duſt
To ſoothe the crying miſeries of the poor.

Taviſtock. JOHN COMMINS.

On the DEATH *of a* CANARY BIRD.

ADIEU, ſweet bird! alas! for ever gone—
No more thy melody ſhall charm my ear;
No more thy tuneful twitter hail the dawn,
No more thy ſong enraptur'd muſt I hear.

No vocal woods thy ſwelling note has grac'd,
No ſhady grove has echo'd back thy ſong;
The hawthorn buſh ne'er ſcreen'd thy moſſy neſt,
Nor ſaw thee, tender, rear thy callow young.

Around thy narrow ſphere condemn'd to roam,
No diſcontent diſturb'd thy peaceful breaſt;
Till death, untimely, ſwept thee to the tomb,
And huſh'd thy little flutt'ring cares to reſt.

Oft have I fed thee with renew'd delight,
And amply haſt thou paid my anxious care;
Ah me! thou'rt ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight,
My cares are paſt, and mem'ry drops her tear.

Ditchling. T. SADLER.

Epitaph on the Death of an Infant, ſorely afflicted with Pains before he died.

HIS life, ſweet babe, with various ills was fraught,
Beyond deſcription or the pow'r of thought:
Bleſt change! from earth to Heav'n he wing'd his way,
To live with angels in eternal day.

Swimbridge, April 8, 1800.